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THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1830.

MACHINERY.

It appears to us, that in all the arguments upon this question, especially those of late, the main point is left out: to wit, the condition of the workmen during the time in which they are left stranded by the new course which the streams of wealth and enterprise have taken. If they questioned nothing but the advantages of machinery, the answer is easy enough; and to this answer the respondents appear to confine themselves,—not, we think, either wisely or ingenuously. Indeed people cannot be wise without being ingenuous. But the workmen, besides what they say, right or wrong, respecting machinery in the abstract, say also, "What are we to do, while machinery is making you richer, and leaving us poorer? Machinery may be best for us all in the long run, and we may be wrong to oppose it now; but are you right not to contrive that we should enter at once into some share of the advantages, or be otherwise relieved from the wants occasioned by the progress of the benefit? In short, if society is to be in a state of reason and equity, why should you have so much more than you want, and we so much less?"

We do not see that this point has been touched upon; but it will not the less compel a consideration of it; and we notice it here, that able and liberal men may prevent the evil of the compulsion by ingenuously considering it at once. There are many reasons why we are unable to do it in these pages; but we discharge a duty in speaking.

A LETTER

ON, TO, AND BY, THE BOOK-PERSONAGE KNOWN BY THE NAME OF "THE READER."

Dear Sir, or Very Dear Madam,—Among the various phenomena of the literary world (to begin in proper book style), you have heard doubtless of editors who write letters to themselves, and are very much their humble servants, "Quidnunc," and "Philalethes." In other times, the highest and the lowest periodical writers, were equally given to this species of correspondence; the former in the excess of their wit, the latter because they could get nobody but themselves to be their Constant Readers. Of late years, such is the exuberance of literature, in Mr Jerdan's, as well as the grammatical sense of the word, that we believe the custom survives with none but the very newest and worst setters-up of a publication. These gentlemen, here and there, are still auto-epistolary. One of them is his own "Impartial Observer," and differs with himself, "though with deference to his superior judgment." Another is happy to subscribe to his own opinion, being, at the same time, a subscriber to his "interesting miscellany:" and a third, sitting in his editor's room, and despairing of success with his "widely circulated journal," is his "sincere well-wisher and admirer, Thomas Jones, Appleby." A certain description of gentlemen "about town," are said to have made great use of this epistolary talent, and been half the women of their acquaintance; and a tribe of doctors, resembling them, have been enabled to bear such grateful testimony to their own merits, as to acquire an extensive correspondence of the ordinary kind, and write themselves into an equipage and a mansion.

But you have yet to learn, that a man may write a letter to himself and not be aware of it; nay, that all his readers but one may join him in the correspondence, and all be in the same predicament. You are now this minute doing it; so are they; and what is more, myself, who am the sole exception, am you and they too. I am the editor and all his readers. I am a lady of quality and a blacksmith; I am a soldier, and at the same time a clergyman; a dandy and a quaker; an old lady, and a young one; a man of yesterday, and yet Martial addressed epigrams to me; an intimate friend of Sophocles, and yet Sir Walter is continually bespeaking my good opinion. In short, I am the little, big, slender, robust, young, old, rich, plain, poor, handsome, male, female, and neuter personage, known by the name of "*The Reader.*" I am *you*, Reader, whatever you may think of it; and you are all of us. You address your prefaces to me, and have others addressed for the same reason to yourself. I am the Benevolent Reader of the old books; also, the Courteous; the Indulgent, and the Impartial; but above all, the Discerning. The affectation of independence in modern writers has induced them to leave off addressing me by some of these epithets; yet my good word is still bespoken as the Indulgent and the Candid; and if I am not always styled the Discerning, it is not the less given me to understand that I am so. I should like to see the author that ventured to treat me otherwise. It is true, a hint is now and then ventured about "common-place readers," and "readers of the ordinary description:" but these are mere words. I will venture to affirm, that if *the* Reader ever chose to inquire whether it was *he* that was intended by those petulant appellations, the writer would infallibly say no. *The* Reader is always treated with respect. The least thing said to him, is, that he is "requested:"—the Reader is requested to do so and so; to "observe," or to "bear in mind." It is also asked, whether he will be "kind enough" or "good enough" to do this and that. Furthermore, being a man, he is of necessity a gentleman, as surely as the cobbler before the hustings; and inasmuch as he is of the female sex; he is fair;—the fair Reader;—"our fair Readers will do us the honour to observe, &c."

[To be continued.]

SINGULAR ACCOUNT OF A VISION.

[The following story is taken from the current Number of the *Monthly Review*, the Editor of which speaks of it as "the best authenticated narrative of the kind he ever met with." The reader, however, will bear in mind, that all the authentications are anonymous, and that visions equally surprising have been accounted for on the ground of optical delusion. Undoubtedly, "there are more things in heaven and earth" than are "dreamt of in our philosophy," and their uses might not be very apparent to mortal eyes, if we could see them; but on the other hand, we may believe we see what we do not, especially in wild countries, and amidst the phantasmagoria of lights and shadows: and in short, there are so many obvious reasons, why belief and testimony, however strong, become of little value, compared with the ordinary course of experience, that we need say no more on the subject. We do not enquire whether the narrative is a fiction or not, as equally strange things have been related in good faith.]

As you wish to have an account of *the Vision* which my father and grandfather saw in the neighbourhood of this place, I will now endeavour to comply with your request. I have heard it, with all its circumstances, so often related by them both, when together, as well as by my father separately, since my grandfather's decease, that I am as fully convinced that they saw this vision, as if I had seen it myself. At the same time, I must acknowledge, that however desirous I am to oblige Lady —— and you, I commit this account to writing with some degree of reluctance, well knowing how little credit is generally given, by the more intelligent classes of mankind, to a narrative of that kind, and how little it corresponds with the ordinary course of causes and events.

This vision was seen by them, about three o'clock in the afternoon of a very warm, clear, sunshine day, in the month of June or July, between the year 1746 and 1753. I cannot go nearer to ascertain the year. My father was then a farmer in Glenary (which you know is within four miles of this place) and my father, who was at that time a young unmarried man, resided in family with him.

On the morning of the day above-mentioned, my grandfather having occasion to transact some business in Glenshiray, took my father along with him. They went there by crossing the hill which separates it from Glenary; and their business in Glenshiray having been finished a little after mid-day, they came round by Inverary, in order to return home. At that time, the road generally used from Glenshiray to Inverary lay upon the west side of the river of Shiray,

all the way to the Gairan bridge, where it joins the high road which leads from Inverary to the low country, by that bridge.

As soon as they came to this bridge, and had turned towards Inverary, upon the high road, being then, as you know, within view of a part of the old town of Inverary (which has been since demolished) the ground upon which the new town presently stands, and the whole line of road leading from it, to the above-mentioned bridge, they were very much surprised to behold a great number of men under arms, marching on foot towards them. At this time, the foremost ranks were only advanced as far as Kilmalieu. They were marching in regular order, and as closely as they could move, from that point of the new town near the Quay, where Captain Gillie's house now stands, along the shore and high road, and crossing the river of Avay near the town, at or about the spot where the new bridge has been since built; of the rear there appeared to be no end. The ground upon which the new town now stands was then surrounded by a park wall, and the road beyond it lay in a circular direction, between that wall and the sea. From the nature of the ground my father and grandfather could see no further than this wall; and as the army was advancing in front, the rear as regularly succeeded, and advanced from the furthest verge of their view.

The extraordinary sight, which was wholly unexpected, so much attracted their attention, that they stood a considerable time to observe it. They then walked slowly on, but stopped now and then, with their eyes constantly fixed on the objects before them. Meantime the army, continuing regularly to advance, they counted that it had fifteen or sixteen pairs of colours; and they observed that the men nearest to them were marching upon the road, six or seven abreast, or in each line, attended by a number of women and children, both below and above the road, some of whom were carrying tin cans and other implements of cookery, which, I am told, is customary on a march. They were clothed in red (but as to that particular circumstance, I do not recollect whether my grandfather mentioned it or not, though I know my father did) and the sun shone so bright that the gleam of their arms, which consisted of muskets and bayonets, sometimes dazzled their sight. They also observed, between Kilmalieu and the Salmon Draught, an animal resembling a deer or a horse, in the middle of a crowd of soldiers, who were (as they conjectured) stabbing and pursuing it forward with their bayonets.

My father, who had never seen an army before, naturally put a number of questions to my grandfather (who had served with the Argyllshire Highlanders in assisting to suppress the rebellion, 1749) concerning the probable route and destination of the army, which was now advancing towards them, and of the number of men it seemed to consist. My grandfather replied that, "he supposed it had come from Ireland and had landed at Kyntyre, and that it was proceeding to England; and that, in his opinion, it was more numerous than the army on both sides at the battle of Culloden." My father having particularly remarked that the rear ranks were continually running forward, in order to overtake those who were before them; and enquiring into the reason of that circrmstance, my grandfather told him, that that was always the case with the rear; that the least obstacle stopped and threw them behind, which necessarily, and in a still greater degree, retarded the march of those who were behind them, and obliged them to come forward till they had recovered their own places again. And he therefore advised my father, if ever he went into the army, to endeavour, if possible, to get into the front ranks, which always marched with leisure and ease, while those in the rear were generally kept running in the manner he had seen.

My father and grandfather were now come to the Thorn Bush between the Gairran Bridge and the gate of the Deer Gate, and at the same time the rear of the army had advanced very near to the gate, which you know is but a very short distance (I believe not one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from the Thorn Bush.) And as the road forms a right angled corner at that gate, and the front of the army being then directly opposite to them, they had of course a better opportunity of observing it minutely than they had formerly done. The van-guard (they then observed) consisted of a party of forty or fifty men preceded by an officer on foot. At a little distance behind them, another officer appeared riding upon a grey dragoon horse. He was the only person they observed on horseback, and from his appearance and station in the march, they considered him as the commander-in-chief. He had on a gold-laced hat, and a blue hussar cloak, with wide, open, loose sleeves, all lined with red. He also wore boots and spurs, the rest of his dress they could not see. My father took such particular notice of him, that he often declared he would know him perfectly well if he ever saw him again. Behind this officer, the rear of the army marched all in one body, so far as they observed, but attended by women and children, as I mentioned above.

My father's curiosity being now sufficiently gratified, he represented to my grandfather that it was very probable that these men, who were advancing towards them, would force them to go along with them, or use them otherwise ill; and he therefore proposed that they should both go out of their way, by climbing over the stone dyke, which fences the Deer Park from the high road; observing that the spot where they then were, was very convenient for that purpose, as the thorn bush would help to screen them from their view while going over the dyke. To this my grandfather objected, saying, "that he was a middle-aged man, and had seen some service, he believed they would not give any trouble to him;" but at the same time he told my father, "that as he was a young man, and they might possibly take him along with them, *he* might go out of the way or not as he thought fit." Upon this my father instantly leaped over the dyke. He then walked behind it, for a little time, in the direction towards the Gairran bridge; and when he had got about half way, he turned up towards the fir clumps, in the neighbourhood of the bridge, believing that he was then out of the reach of a pursuit, should any be attempted.

But when he arrived near the clumps, he looked back to observe the motions of the army, and whether any person attempted to follow him; but he found, to his utter astonishment, that they were all vanished: not a soul of them was to be seen. As soon as he had recovered from the surprise which this extraordinary scene occasioned, he returned to my grandfather; and, as soon as he saw him, cried out, "What has become of the men?" My grandfather who did not seem to pay them much attention after my father left him, then observing that they had all disappeared, answered with an equal degree of astonishment, "that he could not tell."

As they proceeded on their way to Inverary, he recommended my father to keep what they had seen a profound secret; adding, that they would make themselves ridiculous by mentioning it; for that no person would believe they had seen a vision so extraordinary; at the same time, he told him, that though he (my grandfather) might not like to see it, my father might possibly like to see the vision realized.

This conversation was scarcely ended, when they met one Stewart, an old man, who then resided in Glenshiray, going home, and driving a horse before him. This, as they believed, was the same animal they had before observed surrounded by a crowd. My father, notwithstanding the admonitions he had just received, was not able to contain himself. He asked Stewart what had become of the people who were travelling along with him. Stewart, not understanding the drift of the question, answered that nobody had been in company with him since he left Inverary, but that he had never travelled in so warm a day, that the air was so close and sultry that he was scarcely able to breathe; and that his horse had become so weak and feeble, that he was obliged to alight and drive him before him.

The account I now send you of this vision was not only communicated by my father and grandfather to me, as I have already mentioned, but was also communicated by them to many others in this place and neighbourhood, it being scarcely possible that so extraordinary an occurrence could long be concealed. It is no doubt extremely difficult to account for it on the ordinary principles which regulate human events, but no person acquainted with my father or grandfather, ever supposed that either of them was capable of inventing such a story; and, accordingly, as far as I can understand, no person to whom they told it, ever doubted that they told anything but the truth. My grandfather died several years ago; my father died within these two years, but neither of them saw their vision realised, although, indeed, my father had strong expectations of seeing it realised a few years before his death; particularly at the time of the Irish rebellion, and of the last threatened invasion of the French.

LADIES' DRESSES AND COACH WHEELS.

[We look upon it as a good omen, that the first letter we have received, intended for insertion, comes from a Lady. We hope the coaches will put on the caps demanded of them, and behave themselves accordingly.]

Mr Tatler (with your pleasant name)—

Sir,

As it is one of the duties of the journalist to have an eye to the remedying of abuses, and to improvement in all matters, great or small, and as I suppose the prohibition of politics does not extend so far as to deter you from suggesting any plan which private individuals might find it politic to adopt,—I am tempted to ask your sympathy and interest in a case of which your female readers, at least, will feel all the importance. In this great city, which, during the greater part of the year, is so well supplied with mud, it is not a pleasant thing to come in contact with wheels that have just emerged from it; yet a lady seldom enters a stage or a hackney coach in dirty weather, without the risk of staining—if not utterly spoiling—her dress, by such contact. This inconvenience might be easily remedied by giving to the threatening part of the wheel an iron cap in the form of a groove, in which the wheel might run in its passage by the coach door. The evil is not always confined to a spoiled dress (which however may sometimes be a serious one, and is not to be estimated by the costliness of the material), but sometimes extends to the face and temper; thus annoying, not only the mud-stained fair one herself, but every person present. Now if silk, beauty, and temper, are to be preserved by a few feet of iron, you will not, I think, disdain to lend your aid to promote so desirable an end.

I am, Sir,

A SUFFERER.

THE READER:

CONSISTING OF ENTERTAINING EXTRACTS FROM NEW BOOKS, WITH OCCASIONAL CRITICISM.

The History of the British Empire in India. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. M.R.S.L., &c. Vol. 1. (Being the 15th vol. of the Family Library.) Murray.

We have libraries now-a-days of Useful Knowledge, Libraries of Entertaining Knowledge; and of late the booksellers seem desirous of letting us have libraries neither useful nor entertaining. Mr Colburn's National has commenced with a strange attempt to graft the interest of a lively name upon a dull one; his Juvenile Library was committed into the mortal hands of Mr Jerdan, which is as if he had given him a batch of gingerbread for the little boys to be made stale and mouldy; and here, in the new volume of Mr Murray's Family Library, we have a common-place neutralizing abridgment of a history which might have been rendered one of the most amusing in the world. Nobody would suppose that the Mahmouds, Timours, and Nourmahals, of this book, are the personages that make such a figure in Dow, Gibbon, and D'Herbelot. Everything is neutralized and made colourless; the best anecdotes left out, the romances of real life suppressed as much as possible; as if all that was not within the pale of our own dullness and prejudices was worth nothing, and our establishments would be startled by anything but insipidity and an old story. If the booksellers do not take care, the times will leave them behind, as they have left others, and new booksellers come up who understand the signs of them better. This is not the day for attempting to make a leader out of clerical mediocrity. People are learning to speak what they think, and no longer want men to direct them, who are disabled from doing so by their very office. It seems to be thought by the trade, that the only thing needful for the circulation of their books, is to leave out what is not orthodox. The brewers might as well hope to circulate their flat beer, upon the understanding that their men had never worked on Sundays.

We subjoin a really "favourable specimen," from a part of the history, which Mr Gleig could not so easily spoil. It should be observed by the way, that the embellishments (engraved by Finden, after landscapes by Mr Westall) are the most beautiful we have yet seen in any of these works; beautiful engravings after beautiful drawings. The text is as if all colour had been taken out of the peninsula.

"The most remarkable thing connected with the personal history of Jehanghire [son of the famous Sultan Akbar] and that which more than any other gave a character to his government, was his marriage with the wife of one of the Omrahs, whose assassination, like that of Uriah, opened the way for the gratification of the monarch's passion. This female, whose romantic story, is given at great length by Dow, was the daughter of Chaja Aiass, a Tartar of noble birth, but of decayed fortunes. She was born in the desert which divides Tartary from Hindostan, at a moment when her parents were endeavouring to make their way into the latter region, and she was left to perish where she first saw the light, because they were both so spent by travel and fasting, as to be incapable of carrying her farther. When they had advanced about a mile from the place, however, and the eyes of the mother could no longer distinguish the solitary tree under which the infant lay, she gave way to grief, and casting herself upon the ground, exclaimed bitterly, "My child, my child!" She endeavoured to raise herself, but she had no strength to return. Aiass was pierced to the heart; he promised to bring the infant, and ran back for the purpose; but his horror knew no bounds, when he beheld a huge black snake twisted round the body of the child! He rushed forward, and the serpent, alarmed by his shouts, slid into a hollow in the tree. He took up his daughter unhurt, conveyed her to her mother, and was in the act of explaining the wonderful escape to which he had been a witness, when a caravan of travellers overtook them, and relieved their wants. The happy family pursued their journey, grateful to Providence for its bounty, and reached Lahore, without the occurrence of any other mal-adventure.

"Aiass, who was possessed both of talent and prudence, soon obtained employment in the house of one of the nobles: he was introduced by him to Akbar, and rose to be treasurer of the empire. He had bestowed infinite pains upon the education of his daughter, whose beauty, not less than her accomplishments, won the affections of the Prince Selim [who, on his accession to the throne, took the title of Mohamed Jehanghire, or conqueror of the world]; but the girl being betrothed to Shere Afken, a Toorkoman Omrah, Akbar would not listen to his son's proposed violation of that contract. Asher-ul-Nissa was accordingly married to Shere Afken. But that which he did not venture to attempt during the life of his father, Selim was not slow to accomplish so soon as he himself came into possession of the government. The brave Shere, after escaping more than one snare, fell at last by the hands of assassins; and his beautiful and ambitious wife was transferred to the Imperial harem."

There is more; but we recollect the accounts in other works, and are tired. Mr Gleig's Sultana, like the rest of his portraits, wants colouring and costume. He has no *gusto*. To let the light through a painted window, he rubs out the picture. We say nothing as to the correctness of his statements relative to the British Empire in India. They may be as true, for aught we know, as the multiplication-table, and as entertaining; though the Reverend Gentleman will not derive a reputation for this or any other quality as an author, from certain works which he is pleased to "superintend."

By the way, since we have alluded to these works, or rather work, which is no other than our friend Mr Galt's (and Mr Gleig is entitled to the benefit of the confession), we may remark, that it is odd enough to find a clergyman "superintending" an account of the wicked doings of Lord Byron.

Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage. 2vols. 8vo. Colburn and Bentley.

[Further Extracts.]

An Elegant and Explanatory Pickpocket.—At Newgate, after a pretty general survey of the prison, we were conducted into the room of that elegant child of Mercury, "Gentleman Harry," who was then in "durance vile" for his attempt to pluck the "George" from the breast of a Royal Duke, in the pit of the Opera House.

We found him walking about, humming a fashionable tune, in an elegant *robe de chambre*, with his hair in papers, as if preparatory for a dress party. This person enjoyed a peculiar celebrity; he was the pickpocket of high life. His sphere was the "West End;" his resorts, the Opera, the Concerts, and Tattersall's; and in his appearance and deportment he was well calculated to escape the suspicions of the beings he encountered. He aped the fashionable accent in his speech, fashionable modes in his living, and fashionable vices in his pleasures. Had Lord Chesterfield been a Chief Justice "Gentleman Harry" would never have been punished.

When the keeper introduced us, he bowed with the greatest affability, told my friend that he sold the best wine in London (a hint that a bottle might be sent for, which was complied with), and assured me that he had often had the pleasure of sitting down with me at the "Beaf Steak" and the "Anacreontic." He then dashed with much sprightliness into all the topics of the day, touching upon his own situation (which was a fearful one) in a tone of levity and contempt. After relating many of the adventures of his past life, he produced an instrument from a drawer, which he gave us to examine; it was a narrow tube of polished steel, about five inches long, from the end of which issued, by pressure, a kind of barb. This was an implement of his own invention for picking pockets, and the means, as he asserted, of obtaining him many hundreds. Respecting it we were favoured with the following anecdote:—

The circumstance which led to its invention was the fashion of tight buckskins, which clinging round the thigh like a second skin, rendered the insertion of a hand in its pocket extremely difficult, if not hazardous. Making a drawing of his design, he carried it to one of the first cutters in the metropolis, and inquired if he had a workman skillful enough to construct the implement. He was told that it should be executed in a week, and the price would be five guineas. Leaving a deposit, he called again at the time appointed, was shown the tube, and perceived that it strictly accorded with the drawing. He then completed the payment very cheerfully, and was about quitting the shop, when the cutler stepped up to him, and in a most polite manner said, "If it was not a liberty, he should feel extremely obliged to be informed for what so curious and expensive an article was intended?"—"If you will step into your parlour, I will tell you with pleasure," said Harry. The cutler opened the door, rubbed his hands, and smirked him in, with the utmost alacrity. "Plainly, then," said his customer, "this instrument, which you have finished so highly, is intended for the purpose of picking pockets." The honest mechanic surveyed Harry from head to foot, and doubting his words from his appearance, attempted to laugh, and expressed his disbelief. The latter, however, repeating the assertion, the cutler begged to doubt the ability of the device.—"I—I should imagine, Sir," said he, "that —that instrument could not be applied to the purpose you mention, with any degree—of—of certainty."—"Yes," replied Harry, "with certainty! for, in proof, there is your purse, which I drew from your pocket as we entered the room."

The cutler's astonishment Harry left to our imaginations. When reflection returned, the former opened his restored purse, took out of it the five guineas, and begged to make his customer a present of the article, on condition that, whenever he wanted anything more of that sort, he would be good enough to go to another shop.—Vol. II. p. 295.

Gallantry of Quin.—Quin was distinguished for his attachment to the society of females; though the accounts which have been handed down of his rugged habits and propensities may have led my readers to the contrary supposition. Where ladies were present one evening, the subject of conversation was the doctrine of Pythagoras. Quin remained silent. One of the party, remarkable for the whiteness of her neck, asked Quin his opinion,—"Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr Quin?"—"Oh, yes, Madam!"—"And pray may I enquire what creature's form you would prefer hereafter to inhabit?"—"A fly's, Madam."—"A fly!"—"Yes, that I might have the pleasure at some future day of resting on your ladyship's neck."—P. 191.

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

ENGLISH OPERA, ADELPHI.

A melo-dramatic operetta was performed here last night for the first time, called the *Irish Girl*, the attraction of which was the announcement of Miss KELLY in the part of the heroine. We felt the attraction ourselves, and are sorry we did not find the piece more worthy of it. In fact it is a mere old story of theft and discovery, drest up to enable her to appear.

The *Irish Girl* is a peasant, who is sent for by a young lady (Miss H. CAWSE), the daughter of a lord, to make up some work for her, which she is to finish before morning. She is entering the house, when she meets *Mandevile*, the steward (Mr PERKINS), and starts from him with a dreadful shriek. *Mandevile*, whose ill qualities are intimated by an unshaved beard (the usual sign, we believe, of guilt in melo-dramas, though we do not see what connexion there is between sin and shaving), starts and rolls his eyes, as in criminality bound; the girl slowly goes on, fixing her eyes upon him; and an impression is created upon the spectators, that something very dreadful has been done, probably to the ruin of the poor girl's peace, and the murder of half her relations.

At night we find the heroine sitting alone at her work in a large dreary apartment, the gloom of which she endeavours to avert by singing a ballad as she sews. In a little while she falls asleep. A door opens; and *Mandevile*, who has had a scene with his confiding lord, in which the latter tells him he is robbed nightly, enters the room for the purpose of going into an inner one, and completing the robberies by way of a household leave-taking. He starts in entering, at seeing the girl; ventures to try if she is asleep; finds that she is so; resolves upon prosecuting his task, and enters the inner room. A clock strikes, and the girl awakes. Her candle goes out; she begins to feel her way about the room, when she sees in the interior apartment the candle that the robber has brought; she goes to take it, perceives the man himself without being perceived, and retreats, staggering and in horror, to her seat, where she pretends to sleep again. The villain, returning, thinks she has never waked: he stumbles as he goes, and, fearing to have roused her, blows out the candle; then departs in imaginary safety. As soon as he is gone, the poor girl drops on her knees, lights upon one of the purses he has let fall in his stumble, and, while in this posture and holding it, is overwhelmed by the sudden bursting in of the lord and his household, who have been roused up, and who take her for the criminal.

She is put in charge to be tried. Her father comes to see her, and is directed to go and dig up the ground in a neighbouring hut, his daughter having seen a sight there which induced her to shriek when she saw *Mandevile* at the house door. He goes. The master of the house appears with *Mandevile*, who now charges a new person as the thief, one *Gerald* (Mr HUNT) who is a man of quality in disguise, and has come to make love to the lord's daughter as a singing-master. The ground of *Mandevile's* pretended suspicion is, that the singing-master bribed him to get him admittance into the house; and the lord, out of accommodation to his engaging steward, who wishes to divert attention from the scrutinizing eyes of the peasant, suspects him accordingly and announces that *he* is to be tried too.

Why the *Irish Girl* has not directly charged *Mandevile* all this time with being the real thief,—why she has confined herself to looks, and starts, and awful appeals to his conscience with hand on arm, does not appear. She now, however, makes up for lost time: he is frightened, affects to laugh, and still thinks to escape, when his horror is increased by her mention of "the hut" and of some burial there "too deep to be discovered." In short, the father enters with a box of treasure, which he has dug up, and the saucy Steward, now obliged to make a brazen confession, goes forth to prison in all the dignity of impudence, vowing (nobody knows why) eternal "hate" to the noble lord.

The reader sees that there is nothing worth serious criticism in this piece; but we are hardly sure that it is not worthy a little serious reprehension. At the end of it Miss KELLY is made to come forward, and in a manner petitions for its success on the strength of her performance. Now there is an instinct in this, (for it is more than the playful petitioning common in epilogues) that such pieces are worth nothing but inasmuch as she performs in them, and we do not think it desirable that an actress of her merit should be made to sue for grace, and *in formâ pauperis*, to pieces unworthy of her. The truth is, that she might almost as well be made the heroine of any trial that took place at the Old Bailey last week. These dramas are not dramas, but mere law-cases taken out of a sort of romantic Newgate Calendar, and are the next thing to seeing an absolute trial and suffering at it. The suffering is not graced or rendered useful by any of the humanities of poetry. It is a matter of sheer old womanish excitement, such as in real life we endeavour to put an end to by reforming the laws. Why should we have it brought on the stage, as if we had not enough of thieves in the newspapers, or they had a dignity in their adventures, which it was proper to rescue from the pollution of the parish-officers?

Miss KELLY performed so excellently in the night scene, as to make us feel uncomfortable for her in all the rest. We have shewn that the piece is not even what it pretends to be, which is little: for there is no reason why all should not have been explained at once; and nothing throughout it warrants the tragedy shriek, and dumb, dwelling looks, of this accomplished actress. We longed to rescue her from the degradation, and have a talk with her about some fine old English story, in which there is a heroine fit for her.

As to Mr HAWES's music, we knew it by its poverty, before we looked in the play-bill. We hope an early opportunity will be afforded us of writing a more agreeable criticism.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.—OLD SAYING.
Of all sorts of things,—and some others.

CHARACTER OF THE DUTCH.—The Dutch may be compared to their own turf, which kindles and burns slowly, but which, when once kindled, retains its fire to the last.—*Sorbiere.*

FRENCH-ENGLISH VERSE.—The first specimen of French-English verse is the inscription which M. Girardin placed at Ermenonville to the memory of Shenstone:—

"This plain stone,
To William Shenstone.
In his writings he displayed
A mind natural.
At Leasowes he laid
Arcadian greens rural."

Shenstone used to thank God that his name was not liable to a pun. He little thought it was liable to such a rhyme as this.—*Table Talk.*

[It has been observed however very justly, that there is a real good taste and simplicity in the style of the thought, which the Frenchman has so strangely versified.]

LOVE'S LAST SHIFT.—The Dowager Duchess of Bolton, who was natural daughter of the Duke of Monmouth, used to divert George the First by affecting to make blunders. Once, when she had been at the play of 'Love's Last Shift,' she called it, '*La Dernière Chémise de L'Amour.*'—*Horace Walpole.*

[One of the most curious real blunders of this kind, is said to be in a French translation of a medical treatise, the author of which had recommended the use of Dog and Duck water: meaning a mineral water in the garden of a tavern so called. This the translator rendered, "Water in which a dog and a duck have been boiled."]

IMPROMPTUS.—I believe, for my own part, that none are good but those that are made at leisure.—*Menage.*

[Menage, at any rate, here lets us into the secret of those made by himself. We should have found them like the extempore verses mentioned in the *Connoisseur*, lying on his table, "not yet finished, and much interlined."]

PATENT OF NOBILITY.—I know some gentlemen extremely proud of their nobility, who are able to produce no better title to it, than a sentence condemning some of their ancestors to be beheaded. —*Menage.* [Many others may notoriously trace it to their ancestors having been great rascals.]

PURSE-PRIDE REPULSED.—A physician of Padua, well known for his attention to his worldly interests, meeting a philosopher in the street very indifferently dressed, accosted him with the well-known line of Petrarch:—

"Povera e nuda vai Filosofia;"
(Naked and poor goest thou, Philosophy;)

to which the philosopher, without hesitation, answered by the succeeding line—

"Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa"
(Cries the vile mob, intent on sordid gain.)—*Chevreau.*

HISSING AT THE THEATRE.—Formerly there was no hissing in the theatre. The benevolent audience were contented to yawn and fall asleep. The custom is no older than 1680, and is said to have taken place at the first representation of a tragedy of Fontenelle.—*Table-Talk.* [Fontenelle thought, no doubt, that it was owing to the critics having become geese.]

QUANTITY AND QUALITY.—A Marquis said to a Financier, "I would have you to know that I am a man of quality."—"And I," replied the financier, "am a man of quantity."—*Table Talk.*

CAUTION TO PAINTERS. A FABLE.

ARGUMENT.

What tickleth one man with its folly,
Maketh another melancholy.

A portrait painter once to make his sitter airy,
Put in his hand a number of the "*Literary*;"
At which the poor man's countenance so fell,
His chin was forced to be increased an ell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We need not say how welcome to us was the very kind letter of J. J. W.

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